

## ABILENE REFLECTOR

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
STROTHER BROS.

### GIVEN AND TAKEN.

Smoothing soft the nesting nest  
Of a maiden fondly.  
Thus the grave-eyed woman said:  
"Honesty is the best policy,  
Dearest than the love we take  
That we give for love's sake."  
"Well! I know the heart's unrest,  
Miles has been the common quest  
To be loved and therefore lost."  
"Favors undeserved were mine;  
At my feet as on a shrine  
Love has laid its gifts divine."  
"Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet  
With their sweetest fragrance  
And a sense of unpaid debt."  
"Heart of mine unsatisfied,  
Was it vanity or pride  
That a deeper joy denied?"  
"Honest that one but to receive,  
Empty gloves they only give  
But who can richly give."  
"Still," she sighed, with misty eyes,  
"Love is sweet in any guise;  
But his best is sacrifice!"  
"He who, giving, does not crave,  
Loves it to him who gave  
Lies dead the loved to save."  
"Love that self-forgetful gives  
Shows surges of rippled eyes,  
Late or soon its own receives."  
—John Greenleaf Whittier, N. Y. Independent.

### A SINGULAR STORY.

Marriage, Murder, Desertion and  
Miraculous Detection.

A Girl in Male Attire Crosses the Ocean  
To Find Her Father—Success of Her  
Mission—A Romance in  
Real Life.

Perhaps the most romantic and startling story of facts that has ever come to light in Iowa was related to your correspondent to-day, and which is certainly unknown to the citizens of Dubuque. My informant is one of the oldest and most influential citizens of this city. In answer to the well-known reporter's query, "What's new?" he said: "I have a long and interesting story to tell you, and you will be the first newspaper man to whom it has ever been told by me." Leaving back in his cushioned chair and placing his hands on an old-fashioned looking desk, he told the following story: Away back in the early days of Dubuque a family, consisting of man and wife and one daughter, came here from St. Louis. Their names will be familiar to the present, but may be given later. The husband and father engaged in the business of a miner, and for a time was quite successful. He was rather shabbily dressed, but showed signs of refinement and education in youth. He was a Frenchman. After a while he lost what little money he had in the mining business, and became almost destitute. Dubuque in those days was a dreary wilderness, built mainly of frame shanties, and populated for the most part by Indians. He, without any prospects of making a living for himself and family, became a wreck, bordering upon insanity, the sequel of which was his being found dragging from a rope in his own room, and in death, having committed suicide. His widow and orphan girl were prostrated with grief; the former fainted at the ghastly sight and remained in a comatose condition for more than two days, at the end of which time preparations were completed for the interment of the supposed dead body. It was even inclosed in a casket, when the startling discovery was made that the person was only in a swoon. It is needless to say that the supposed lifeless form was immediately removed, and such restoratives as were procurable were quickly administered by willing hands. She rapidly recovered, and was soon in her former state of health, but, as I have made known, in a very desolate condition, and how to elude out a living for herself and child added much to her distress. Eventually she obtained a situation as "maid of all work." In addition to this she taught her child how to read, write, etc. Years rolled by and the child grew to be a young lady, earning her own living. Dubuque was at this time rapidly growing. Immigrants poured in from all directions, enlarging Dubuque to quite a village.

Among the new arrivals was a boy who emigrated from Europe at the age of eighteen to seek a livelihood in the great West. He possessed a remarkable ambition to rise in the world. He commenced on a starvation salary, and was afterward employed in a little grocery store, where he soon became a partner in the business. About this time he met and fell in love with the young lady I have just referred to. Though poorly clad she was exceptionally pretty and quite intelligent. This brief acquaintance was only an introduction to a long and clandestine courtship which followed, a description of which is unnecessary. Suffice it to say it did not deviate much from the "rules" in use at the present time. It was of a fourteen months' duration and ended, as the average play does, in a happy marriage, though this happiness, it must be said, was short-lived. Five years swiftly passed—the mother-in-law during this time died—and three bright little children were the fruits of that period of conjugal life. Two were boys and one a girl. When the youngest was only three months old the father became engaged in a quarrel with his partner in business, during which he unintentionally, it is said, dealt him a blow on the forehead, wounding him in such a manner as to cause his death a few weeks after. He was held for trial for murder—the trial lasting fourteen days—and convicted of manslaughter, and was accordingly sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor. This was a terrible blow to the young wife and mother, and for a time fears of her becoming insane were entertained, but she braved the billowy sea of grief and soon landed safe on the shores of good health. The imprisoned life was soon changed to a free one, for after a life and death struggle he succeeded in releasing himself from the prison walls. His escape was not detected for several days, and his whereabouts was not known. A diligent search was kept up for some time, but no trace of him could be found. We will follow him, however. Immediately after his escape he proceeded to New York, where he took passage for Dubuque, and arrived there five weeks later, this being the time it took in those days to cross the Atlantic. His arrival was greeted warmly by his many friends and relations, as they were completely ignorant of his past career. Communication with his wife and family was necessarily cut off, as such action might possibly lead to his discovery and capture. We next find him employed in an extensive

linen factory on Sackville street, holding the responsible position of foreman of the establishment. His integrity, ambition of furthering the employer's business interests and honesty in discharge of his duties in that position gained for him the confidence of his employers, and he was soon made general manager of the concern at an enormous salary. The announcement of his marriage to the daughter of the senior partner of the firm in question created quite a sensation, as they were socially speaking, not suited for each other, she being of very high social standing in the metropolis of the great but little land, while on the other hand he was comparatively ignorant and obscure in that respect. This was the primary, if not the principal cause of frequent quarrels thereafter. Time passed, and two children were born to them.

We will now take a trip back to his former, or American, wife and children, from whom he was forced to part several years previous. After his escape from prison the newspaper rapidly over the wires that a man answering his description was killed at Lancaster, Pa. This information was received officially by the authorities, although the body had not been identified as the escaped convict. The poor woman also received the news as positive proof of her husband's terrible fate. Herself and family accordingly remained in mourning for over a year for a man who was then alive and who was to be untrue to his devoted wife and children. The expiration of several years of supposed widowhood brought back to light the great mystery and an awful tale.

On a cold December evening a tattered but intelligent looking boy, apparently of sixteen summers, appeared at the door of her residence and politely asked for some change, saying he was on a long, fatiguing journey, and without money. The request was politely granted, and after politely thanking her for her kindness, he told her where he was from and to which he was going. No more was heard of him or seen of him there.

The summer of 18—witnessed a grand steamboat excursion on the Mississippi from St. Louis. Among the large number aboard was the boy who appeared in Dubuque as an outcast, but who had now grown to respectable manhood under the rays of a Southern sun. As fate would have it, the gentlemanly lady who had befriended him when he was destitute was also aboard, accompanied by her daughter. He immediately recognized her, introduced himself, and an interesting conversation followed in the course of which a pressing invitation was extended to him to pay them a visit in their Dubuque home. The invitation was accepted and a short time afterward followed, it may be, perhaps, some strange, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the names of both parties remained a secret until the day of his visit. Imagine their position and the friendship that arose when the facts became known and the inquiry which followed may be termed the "key" to the deep mystery existing, the circumstances of which are already known to the reader. The scene, following the young man's story of his early life, his parents, etc., beggars description, as it was now settled beyond a particle of doubt that the supposed dead husband and father was no other than the man before alluded to, and what is still more remarkable, the mysterious acquaintance proved to be his son, born to his illegitimate wife. He said that because of his father's brutal treatment of his mother, a secret correspondence between the wronged woman in Dublin and her son in Dubuque ensued, when for the first time did her terrible position as an illegitimate wife become known to her. A pen picture of his grief and consternation on receipt of the news of this startling disclosure is beyond the writer's ability, it can be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say the meeting of herself and husband was by no means affectionate. The crisis comes at a later stage.

The correspondence was uninterruptedly carried on until the actual situation of all concerned was revealed, and in some unaccountable manner the United States authorities were made cognizant of the fact that an American convict and murderer had been discovered in Dublin. The Secretary of State made a prudent investigation of the case which resulted in establishing the true identity of the man in question, but for some reason, or other his arrest was not demanded, consequently we have no more to add to this chapter. During this time his American wife and children were sorely afflicted, and in a perplexed state of mind, not knowing whether to recognize the young man as an impostor, or endeavor to obtain the real facts in the case. They chose the latter, and at once dispatched a letter to the address given by the informant, but no answer came. A second and a third was written with the same result. Many long and anxious days and sleepless nights were passed in vain.

Now that all efforts to communicate with him by letter were of no avail, another plan was conceived to carry out their purpose. The mother was growing old and feeble and unable to undergo the hardship and fatigue incident to a sea voyage, this being the only medium through which the proof of the young man's story could be ascertained. Not to be deterred, the daughter, who was only in her teens, made the sensational assertion that she would dispense with petticoats and don the pantaloons. This was accomplished, and she at once set out on her long and perilous journey, leaving the feeble mother to take care of herself, the other two children having died in the meantime. As she presented more of a masculine than feminine appearance her plan was very successful, but she ventured no familiarity with any of her "fellow men," although she dined and had her toilet in the same rooms as those occupied by the other male passengers. After a long and tedious voyage she arrived in the beautiful and populous city of Dublin. Her next exploit was to endeavor to procure employment in the establishment where her father was supposed to be employed. To this end many shrewd and ingenious inquiries were made relative to the firm. The desired information being obtained, she at once appeared at the office, wearing male attire. Her application for a clerkship was made to an apparently thirty-five years old, who politely informed her that a good recommendation would be necessary before she could be employed, and adding that if such could be obtained he would be most happy to employ her. She departed discouraged and down-hearted, knowing that the required document could not be had in a strange city. She wandered around the streets and suburbs, and at last was inspired with a hopeful thought, and called upon a clergyman, to whom she told the entire story of her experience, etc., since leaving Dubuque. After due hesitation, he gave her a letter of recommendation.

Returning with this, she was at once employed and worked faithfully for several weeks before she gained sight of her father. The meeting was an affecting one. She ran to him, threw herself at his feet, and cried out: "O, father! father! I'm your daughter and came from America to look for you." The scene will never be forgotten by the few who chanced to be present. A great sensation followed: the entire press of Dublin devoting several columns each day to comment and criticism on the male-female clerk. The illegitimate wife was now beyond all doubt as to her position, and immediately applied for a divorce, which was granted after considerable difficulty. The three children who were the fruits of their married life were claimed by her and granted by the court with the exception of the boy, who immigrated to America, who was given to her. The girl and tidings of the finding of the father were immediately dispatched to her mother in Dubuque, and for the first time in almost a quarter of a century, communication was opened between the legal husband and wife, which resulted in her emigration to the city of Dublin, where, a few years of happy life were spent, when she died, and was shortly afterward followed to the shores of the unknown beyond by her hero. At the time of his death he was immensely rich, and willed a handsome fortune to our little heroine (his daughter), also half of his entire estate to his son who was the means of bringing about the happy end. But to the son's loss, he has never been heard of since. Should he be in existence still, this little communication we hope will be the agent to establish some clue to his whereabouts, and convey to him the news of his good luck.

Of the wronged woman and her two daughters we have nothing to tell, for the reason that their lives from the time of our last sight of them here are entirely unknown to our informant, and as to the heroine, she is living that happiest life of a widow, and at last at last tributes this happiness to the pantaloons.—Dubuque Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.

### SHE WANTED THE BEST.

A New York Lady's Experience in Buying  
Butter of a German Grocer.

A burly, matronly-looking woman, accompanied by a lad about seventeen, entered a grocery store Saturday evening in the neighborhood of Twenty-ninth Street and Third Avenue.

"Vat vas it you vant alretty?" queried the clerk, a ruddy-faced German with a mild blue eye.

"Let's see your butter."

"By gizzards, we jost got bully butter, and for foorty cents pi der bound."

"Well, let's see it."

Several samples were produced.

"Dot vos funt-and-dreig, dot funt-and-vierig, and dot vos funstehn cents pi der bound. Braps you like to bite sum dem things," handing the woman a cheese scoop to taste the three samples.

She looked at them, tasted them and smelled them, but none appeared to give her any great amount of satisfaction.

"And this is the best, is it?" pointing to the fifty-cent article.

"Dot vos de bestest butter it vos possible to make from New Yarsey. Dot got vat make dot butter from, pi jinniny, am vorth five tousand tollars efery time."

"You're sure it's the best butter?"

"If dot vos not dot very bestest dot can't be made I makes you a present mit the whole store," persisted the blue-eyed youth.

"Then let me have half a pound of it," and the woman plunked down a quarter.

"Tie it up securely, as I've some distance to go."

He did as requested.

"Now, let's have one of your cards, because I've walked nearly all over New York trying to find a place where I can buy good, honest butter."

The clerk, anticipating a possibly good customer, handed out a card.

"Now, Johnny," turning to the lad, "just write the boss' name on the wrapper, and let me see. I think it's just about nine o'clock. Put down the time, too."

The proprietor of the store picked up his card like a mile, as he saw the delicate manner with which the lady proceeded.

"See here, my man," remarked the proprietor, "I'm not sure whether you know it or not, but there's a law which fines people one hundred dollars for selling stuff that some grocers call butter. I hope you're not one of 'em. If you are, you'll hear from me, sure."

Then she gave the store door a bang and waited on the corner for the next up-town car.

Just as she signalled the driver, the German youth overtook her and, showing a quarter in the boy's hand, said:

"Der boss tole me to gif yer mudder dot money. May-be dot vos de wrong got dot make dot butter."—N. Y. Star.

### QUEER THINGS IN PAWN.

False Teeth, Skeletons and Babies Offered by Impudent Capitalists.

A well-dressed man entered a Market street pawn shop last night, and quietly putting his hand to his mouth took out a full set of upper teeth, bound together with a plate of pure gold. After he had rubbed them on his handkerchief he handed them shyly to the clerk, and said in a stage whisper:

"Five dollars."

The clerk handed the man the money and a ticket and he slipped quietly out of the door.

"That man's been here three times to-day," said the clerk. "The first time he left his watch and chain. The second time he left his diamond stud and ring. I've advanced him money on his false teeth before. He's a poker player. He'll be back for the teeth and the other things Monday or Tuesday."

"Do you usually loan money on false teeth?" was asked.

"No, not at all. Some pawnbrokers do. A couple of medical students came to me here who got hard up about once a month. Once they'd pawned all their spare clothing and all their jewelry and books and instruments. A couple of nights after they came here with a long bundle wrapped in a gossamer cloth. They told me they wanted ten dollars very badly, so I opened the long bundle and found a human skeleton. All the bones were strung on silver wire. Knowing them well I let them have the money and carried the skeleton up stairs in the store room, where it came after it. Several times I have loaned money to pawns babies. It's a common thing for men to come in here on bitter cold days and take off their overcoats and pawn them. A handsome young woman walked in here this morning, and taking off a sea-king saucer, pawned it for ten dollars."—Philadelphia Times.

## EX-GOVERNOR CLEVELAND.

The Next President's Conduct in All Respects Admirable.

The admirable manner in which Governor Cleveland has borne himself since his election to the Presidency has not escaped public recognition. Whatever may have been said of him earlier, he is now no longer an untried man. Since the early days of November the eyes of the Nation have been fixed upon him with a peculiar interest. He has been scrutinized closely by friend and foe. His every movement has been reported, his every utterance bearing upon public offices has been eagerly caught up and made the subject of comment. He has lived in the fierce light of publicity. His official position as Governor of a great State has rendered him peculiarly open to observation; and his home has been the resort of pilgrims from all parts of the Union, and representing all sections of his party. The opposition has watched him with the utmost jealousy also. Every opportunity to find him making mistakes in action or in utterance has been searched for with the avidity of the hound upon the scent. The man who had successfully passed through this ordeal at any time would be regarded as evincing no ordinary circumspection. The man who succeeds in the present peculiar relations of parties has achieved a signal triumph.

During that period Governor Cleveland has said a word or done one act inconsistent with sound good sense, or with a proper appreciation of the responsibilities of the position to which he has been elected, it has escaped the public attention. His opponents, as well as his supporters, are alike unaware of it. There is not a little that is instructive in the movements of the former class. Smearing and the bitter ruses of their defeat and having just gone through a campaign in which they had lost only attempted to disavow the ability of the Democratic candidate for Presidency, they were quick to find evidence to justify the position they had taken with regard to him, while they might quite their own wounds with the charge of a partial disavowal of the victory. They have been signally disappointed here. Governor Cleveland has not furnished them a shadow of the opportunity they sought. He has accommodated them with no mistakes whatever. He has not omitted to talk frankly, and in one instance he has given to the public in writing a statement of what his policy will be in a most important feature of his incoming administration. In so doing he has neither divided his friends nor furnished comfort to his foes. He has had the good sense to preserve reticence on points where the indication of his action was unnecessary, as in the case of his probable course in the formation of his Cabinet, for instance; while he has, at the same time, given evidence of the principle that he will guide him in a manner which has strengthened the confidence of the more disinterested and patriotic men of the Nation. He has neither been diplomatic nor evasive in these assurances at any time.

These things have done much to assure the people that in President Cleveland they are to have a sensible, sagacious and discreet Chief Magistrate. In the absence of qualities for the lack of which he was criticized by politicians in the late campaign, his fair to be found an moral advantage. He is unfamiliar with the ways of Washington; he is unversed in the arts of the politician; but it looks now as if he might come into Washington like a cool breeze from the country, which is needed to purify the saltry air of the capital. The Nation asks for a new era in its administration of public offices. It is appropriate that business methods should take the place of the schemes of the political partisan in carrying on the Government. We require a man who will put his mind to bringing the Government back to business practices. Governor Cleveland is not only, we believe, fully competent to that task; he has set his mind on discharging the duties of his office with justness and integrity. He has been bred a politician. His alleged weakness is in this point of view an important equipment.

If Governor Cleveland was not educated in his politics at Washington, he has borne himself in the time of trial since his election to the Presidency with a careful circumspection which few men bred in that school could have equaled. He has proved alike a statesman to his friends and the despair of his enemies during that period of testing. Better than all, he has raised the best hopes of the Nation for his coming usefulness in office.—Boston Herald (Ind.).

### WHAT WAS EXPECTED.

The President-Elect's Declaration of Policy on the Subject of Appointment to Office Anticipated.

The President-elect's declaration of his policy on the subject of appointment to public office is just what might have been expected from him. The New York Civil-Service Reform League, with George William Curt at its head, respectfully asked his support in behalf of the Pendleton reform act of 1883, and Mr. Cleveland makes a full and frank reply. It reveals his devotion to the cause of civil-service reform and holds him "indivisible" to the support of the Pendleton act. And he goes even further. He refers to "a class of Government positions which are not within the letter of the civil-service statute, and are disconnected with the policy of an Administration," and declares that "removal therefrom of the present incumbents should not be made during the terms for which they were appointed solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their place those who are in political accord with the appointing power." So far in this direction. But he adds that "many now holding such positions have forfeited all claim to retention, because they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people, and because, in the case of being removed, public servants, they have proved themselves unworthy participants in a usurpation of the powers of local party management."

This is plain enough. Mr. Cleveland will strictly and scrupulously observe the civil-service act, which applies exclusively to clerkships. As to those public offices connected with the Administration and in some measure sharing its policy, they will have to be filled with Democrats—and this rule is inflexible. But there are other offices that are merely ministerial and have nothing to do with the policy of the Administration one way or another. Where the present occupants of these offices have been "decent public servants," confining themselves to their duties, they will be allowed to stay, the terms of service expire. There are many such to be found. The majority

of incumbents have been "offensive partisans," who have so "foisted all just claim to retention because they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people." No all these will have to "go." No reasonable civil service reform, says a Democratic Administration to be in office the offensive Republican partisans who use their official influence against the Democratic ticket in the late campaign. These gentlemen have been in office long enough; it is time they were giving place to better men. The President-elect is singularly frank and explicit in defining his policy on this interesting subject—and it may be added that his policy is reasonable and unassailable, and will command the cordial approval of the country.—St. Louis Republican.

### LITTLE TO SAY.

Some of the Reasons Why the "Plumed Knight" is Depressed.

Mr. Blaine has had little to say of late. His bitter and foolish harangue at Augusta after his defeat was enough. It is well. But the silent Plumed Knight is sad over the thought of what might have been, and heaves a deep sigh from time to time as the specter money kings around the banquet board at Delmonico's rise up before him. And he is particularly depressed when the shadow of Dr. Burchard falls before his gaze.

Seven months ago the future was rosy in Mr. Blaine's mind. The ambitious statesman had been nominated for President by the Republican Convention. He had "served his people" for a quarter of a century in legislative halls, but the great aim of his life was to "serve" them in the Executive Department. He coveted the honor of ruling fifty-five million people. No Republican candidate for twenty-five years had failed to enter the White House. Surely he, with his magnetism and his audacity, was not to be defeated. A Republican nomination was equivalent to an election. So, acting on this pleasing theory, he began early to shape his plans for administering the affairs of the Government.

Mr. Blaine had accepted the aid of Jay Gould, the wily monopolist. Mr. Gould's railroad syndicate owed the Government a vast sum of money which was to be conveniently forgotten by the new Cabinet. Star-Route, Brady, Star-Route, Whisky-Ring, Jockey, and Navy-Ring Roach were all ardent supporters of Mr. Blaine. These men were to be near the throne. Result: A rich harvest for Mr. Blaine.

Cables were built in the air by all the millionaire plunderers on the basis of the Plumed Knight's power to conduct a successful campaign. But public sentiment was aroused against Republican rascality, and Mr. Cleveland, the great political reformer, the man who knew no ring, who would accept no personal gift, was elected instead of Mr. Blaine. And the Star-Route gang, as well as Mr. Blaine, saw their high threshold of 1885, when they realize what they have missed.

The Star-Route thieves alone robbed the Government of \$4,000,000. Had the Republicans won this time, the robbing would have quadrupled that amount in a single year. Naturally Blaine and his friends are sad. Well do the people rejoice. Blaine hopes to be the candidate of his party again in 1888, but he will never more deceive himself by thinking that a nomination means an election. The days of purchasing the presidency are past.—Richmond Star.

### AN UNFOUNDED ALARM.

One Good Result That Will Be Accomplished by Cleveland's Election.

While the stories of negro alarm at the election of Grover Cleveland have been exaggerated for political purposes, there has certainly been some apprehension on the part of the most ignorant of the Southern blacks that the return of the Democrats to power meant in some manner the oppression of their race.

One of the best results to be accomplished during President Cleveland's term is the removal of the negro impressions from the minds of the Southern negroes that Democrats are their natural enemies and Republicans their friends and protectors.

Since emancipation and enfranchisement the Republicans have been in undisturbed possession of the National Government. For their own purposes they have deceived the colored people of the South with the story that should the Republican party be deprived of power, enfranchisement would cease and slavery be restored. That so stupid and wicked a falsehood should be believed is a proof of the ignorance and superstition of a race recklessly misled by the franchise by the Republicans immediately on the abolishment of the deplorable institution of slavery, which had deprived its victims of all education.

The Democratic party favor emancipation as a war measure, but would not have enfranchised millions of the released slaves and flooded the ballot-box with the most degraded ignorance. Such an act was an insult to American citizenship.

But now that the negroes are endowed with all the rights of citizens the Democrats would not, if they could, deprive them of one of those rights; the mission of Democracy is to educate the Southern blacks up to an intelligent and honest exercise of the franchise.

The Republicans have no right to claim, as they do, that the negroes of the South are all in sympathy with that party, even now. The enfranchised slaves were given the ballot in order that they might become the political chiefs of the Republican party. That is one of the crimes for which Republicanism has to answer. But the overthrow of carpet-bag and bayonet rule gave a second enfranchisement, political enfranchisement, to the Southern negroes, and the more intelligent among them already understand the impossibility of practised upon them by Republican politicians and attach themselves to the Democracy.

Before President Cleveland's term closes, the eyes of the colored people in the Southern States will be opened to the knowledge that the Democracy is the party of even-handed justice to all, and the champion of the oppressed of all races.—N. Y. World.

The average duration of life among well-to-do people is forty-five years; among the middle class it is twenty-five years; among the laboring class, twenty years. Among one hundred people the wealthy would not number more than five, the middle class, no more than fifteen, and the working class eighty.—Boston Post.

The electric light is pronounced by an English scientist, who claims to have exhaustively examined the subject, the only illuminant by which the surrounding atmosphere is not vitiated.

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